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the editors rather than the contributors, since only one hundred out of ten thousand poems are here published.

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HAIL AND FAREWELL. By GEORGE MOORE. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1912.

If not admirable, George Moore is highly amusing. He went to Ireland in response to a vision he had commanding him to help with the Celtic revival, and recounted his experiences in the trilogy of confessions called *Ave, Salve, Vale*. The present volume is the second in the series, and more delightfully funny than the first.

All his life George Moore has given himself in the intervals of his novels to the task of self-confession. He has the very style, disconnected, witty, intimate, which makes such matter readable. He went to Ireland somewhat expectant that so important an arrival would be met with a brass-band and proper festivities. But Ireland was busy about its own affairs and had had no rumors that he was a great prophet. When he offered in pure charity a contribution to the Gaelic magazine, he was editorially told that if he would sign it and leave it it would be considered in due course.

Yeats and "the folds of his style" Moore treats to delightful irony. Dear Edward Martyn and his soul figure again and seem more amusing than ever. *Æ*, of whom no one, apparently, can speak an unkind word, is the only friend who escapes Moore's scathing satire. *Æ*, with his immortal soul and imperturbable serenity, invites no enmity. A large part of the volume is given over to Moore's discovery that the Roman Catholic religion is incompatible with literature. This startling discovery and his own conversion to the Anglican Church and his proposed departure from Ireland close the volume. In the mean time the book is full of literary gossip and anecdote. There are parts of it as frankly indecent as Rabelais, and yet when some one of his friends mentioned Moore's indecent books the author was as surprised and depressed as if the idea was totally novel to him.

The sibylline Mrs. Meynell and a charming and lovely volume of youthful verse by four of her children and four of their friends, *The Eyes of Youth*, are together treated to a particularly naughty paragraph or two, in which Mr. Moore describes the talent of Francis Thompson as consisting in "*un fond de Crashaw avec une garniture de Shelley*." Mrs. Meynell he remembers chiefly as a "tall, sallow girl with brown eyes and a receding chin who used to show me her poems in manuscript ages ago." She is now a very rarely and wonderfully beautiful woman about whom, probably, more real poetry has been written than about any woman since Beatrice. It must be remembered, when one is reading George Moore's little jokes, that she is the woman to whom Ruskin, George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, Lionel Johnson, Francis Thompson, G. K. Chesterton, and scores of other poets and thinkers have paid reverent tribute, and that her own verse and essays rank high in the history of English literature. George Moore at the moment of writing was out of tune with Romanism and all connected with it. He was also at the same time, doubtless, writing "The Lake." How he can say that Francis Thompson "avoided piety" it is difficult to understand. Is the "Hound of Heaven" impious?

In his eagerness to prove that no literature could possibly be written by a Catholic, the author makes a rather clever analysis of Newman's style in the first few chapters of the *Apologia*.

The chief charm of the book is its wit and its candid *intimité*. It is not a deep book nor is Mr. George Moore's culture at all awe-inspiring, though at times he has the air of proclaiming it so. He never by chance mentions a writer or thinker or painter with whom the average reader is not perfectly well acquainted, and his wit is the outgrowth of his ill temper with his friends and his inability to get on smoothly with other men. Still, the book is so frank, so open, so almost childishly confiding, that it makes most delightful, if not uplifting, reading.

MISS JULIA, THE STRONGER, CREDITORS, PARIAH. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by EDWIN BJORKMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912.

The effort to set Strindberg beside Ibsen as a great interpreter of life has failed and must fail. Unity of construction, dramatic action, and swift, incisive dialogue are all that Strindberg has to offer. His mind was diseased to the point of insanity. His life was one of long and almost uninterrupted torture; he was ill-born, ill-bred, ill-married several times, and he suffered physically and mentally all his life. It is out of the question that any such abnormal experience of life should be able to produce for those born, if not adequate, at least native to this planet, an instructive picture of life. The best one can say is that a great literary talent wallowed in the most unalleviated and sordid of human horrors.

"Miss Julia" has been played at Copenhagen by the Students' Association and again on the Freie Bühne in Berlin. It is a play so revolting that even the plot is impossible to repeat. The author says that he has tried in this play to treat a theme that is, has been, and always will be of lasting interest—namely, that of ascendancy or decline, of higher or lower, of better or worse. He also adds that the story came to him from real life. It is tragic, but so disgusting as to miss the real point of tragedy, to stir the emotions of terror or pity.

"The Stronger" is no more than a sketch or a "scene." There are but two characters: Mrs. X, an actress, married; Miss Y, an actress, unmarried. The scene is a *tour de force* in that the second character never speaks throughout the scene. Again, it is the intrinsic matter which divorces sympathy, for the manner of recounting is able. What one asks is why should two women care for one man who was no more than a shuttlecock twirling from one to the other, and what strength is there in loving what is unworthy?

"Creditors" contains, in Thekla, Strindberg's picture of a woman. The preface says that he considered this portrait fairly representative of the sex, and when one adds that the plot again is not one to be repeated and when one adds that the woman had neither sense, decency, nor honor, one may dispose of this play. Were one to compare Thekla to Ibsen's Hedda, it would make Hedda almost a saint, for at least she wanted something; she was reaching out for something to make life worth while. Thekla is without a single stirring of human aspiration.

Of the four plays contained in these two volumes, "Pariah" only can